



GUY GARDNER

13

OCT 93

Yesterday's Sins 3 of 4



GUY GARDNER™

YEAR ONE



CHUCK
DIXON

JOE
STATON

TERRY
BEATTY

**BACK
TO
BACK!**

INSIDE OUT / OUTSIDE IN

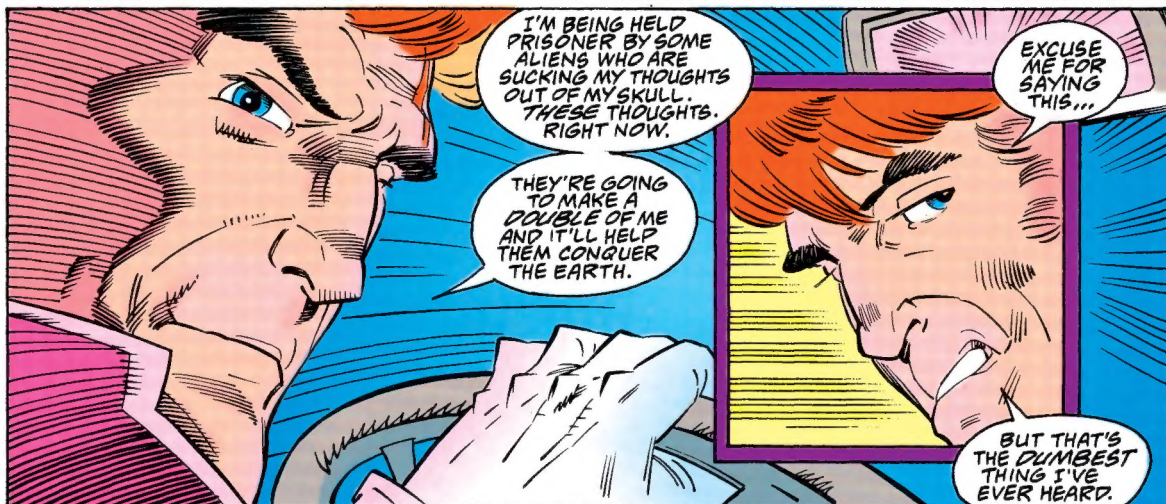
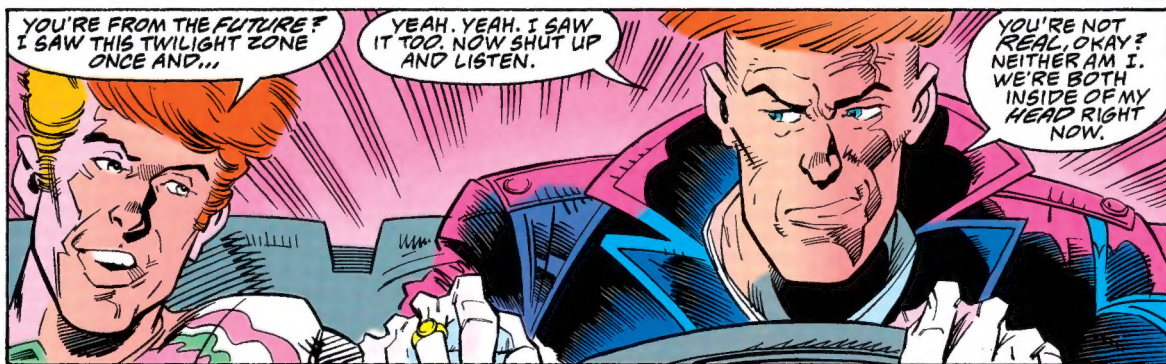
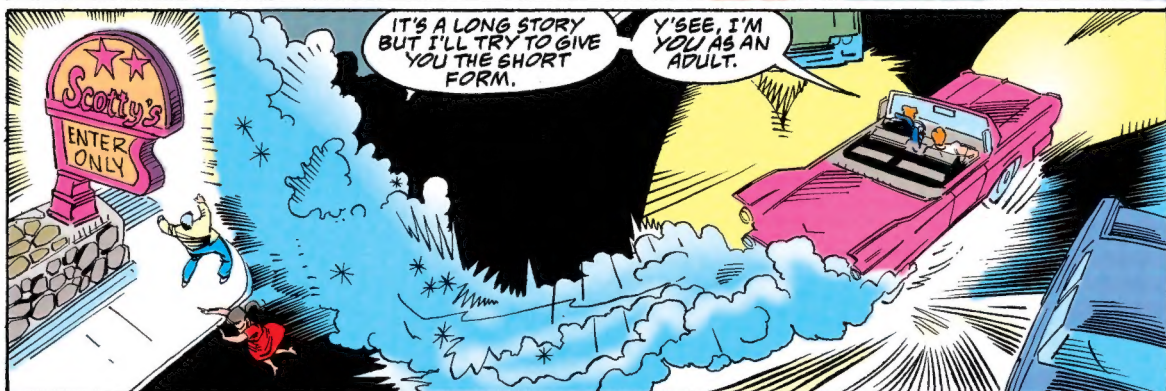
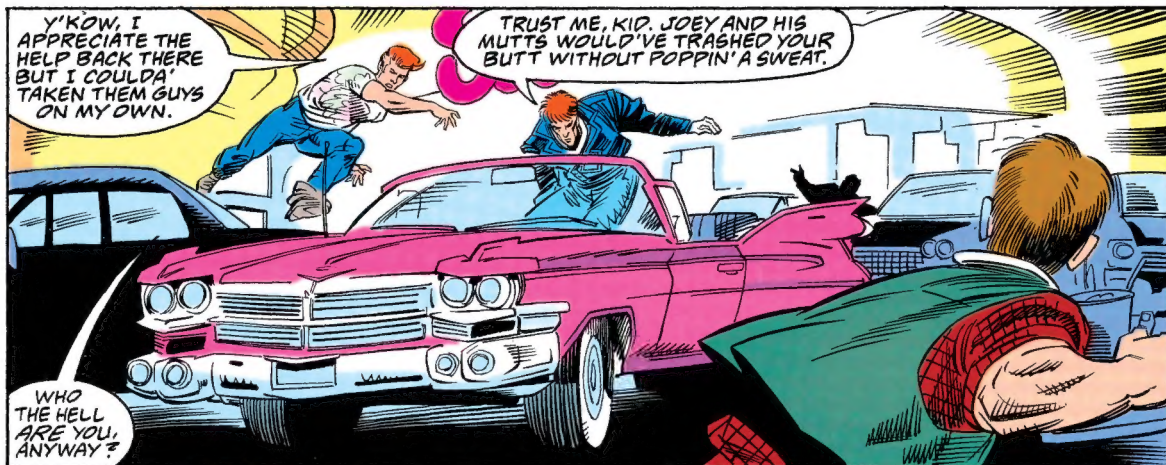
HOW OFTEN DO YOU GET TO GO
BACK AND DO SOMETHING RIGHT
THAT YOU SCREWED UP THE FIRST
TIME?

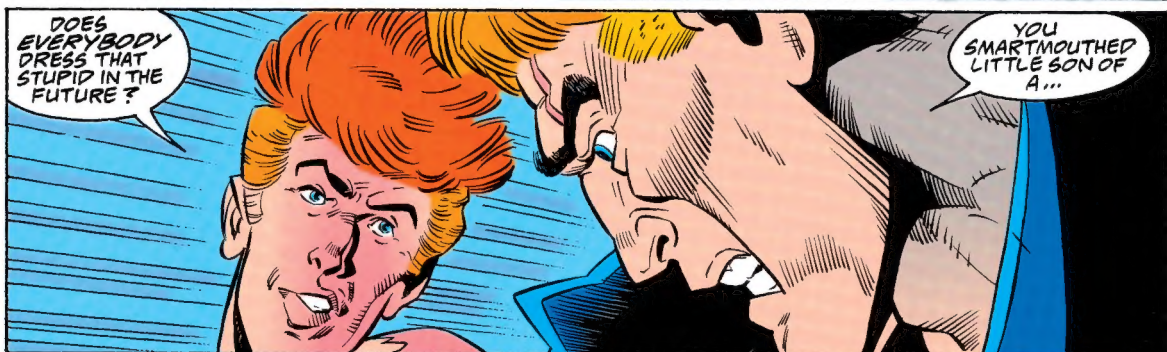
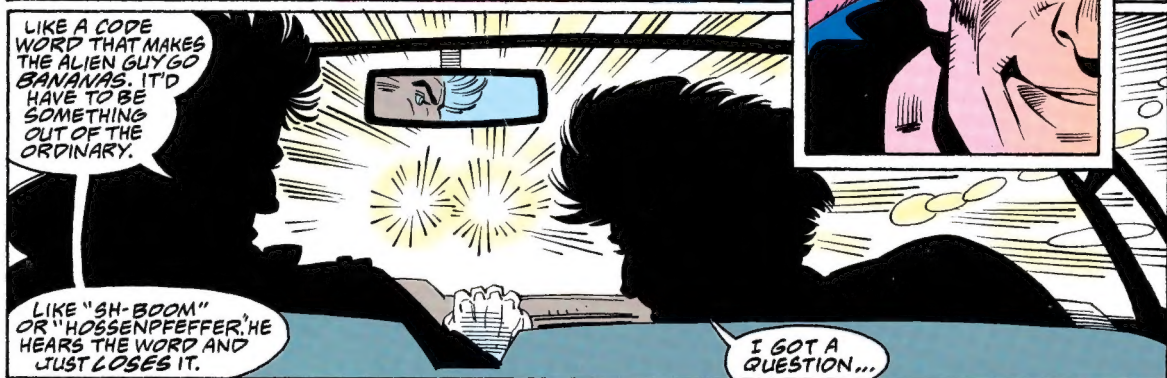
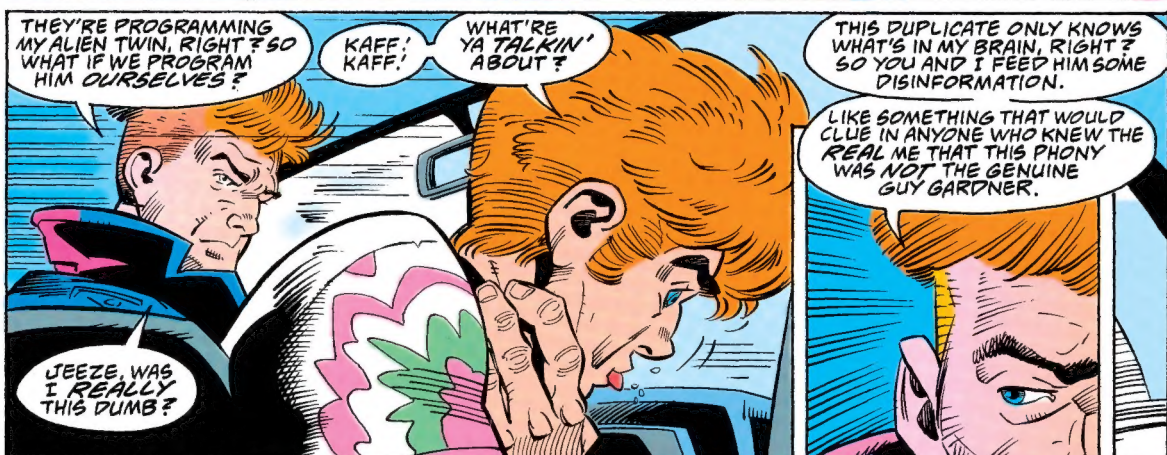
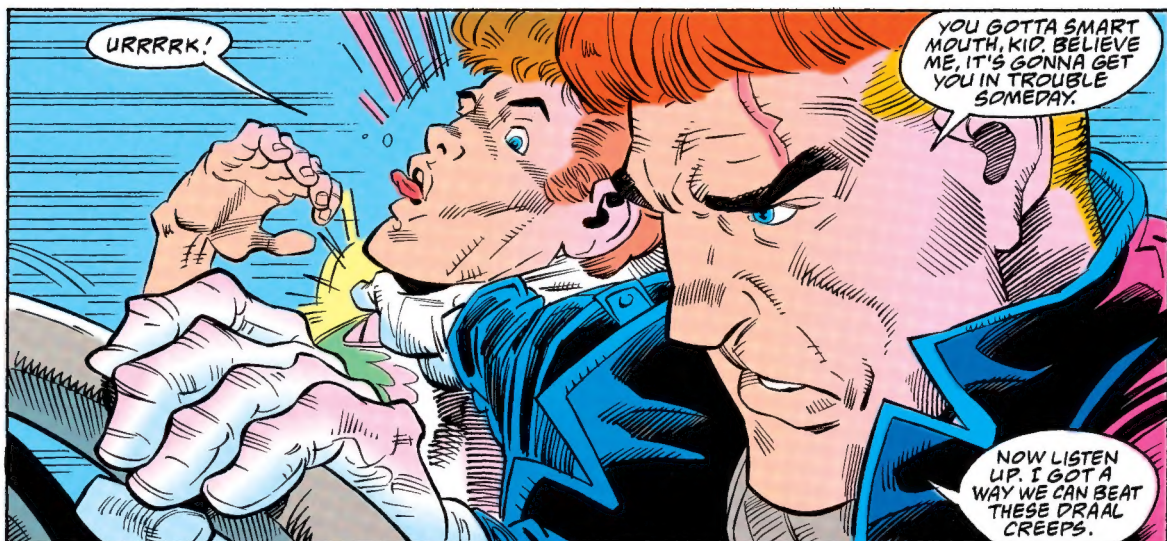
THIS IS PRETTY COOL. BACK
IN BALTIMORE IN MY OLD
NEIGHBORHOOD.

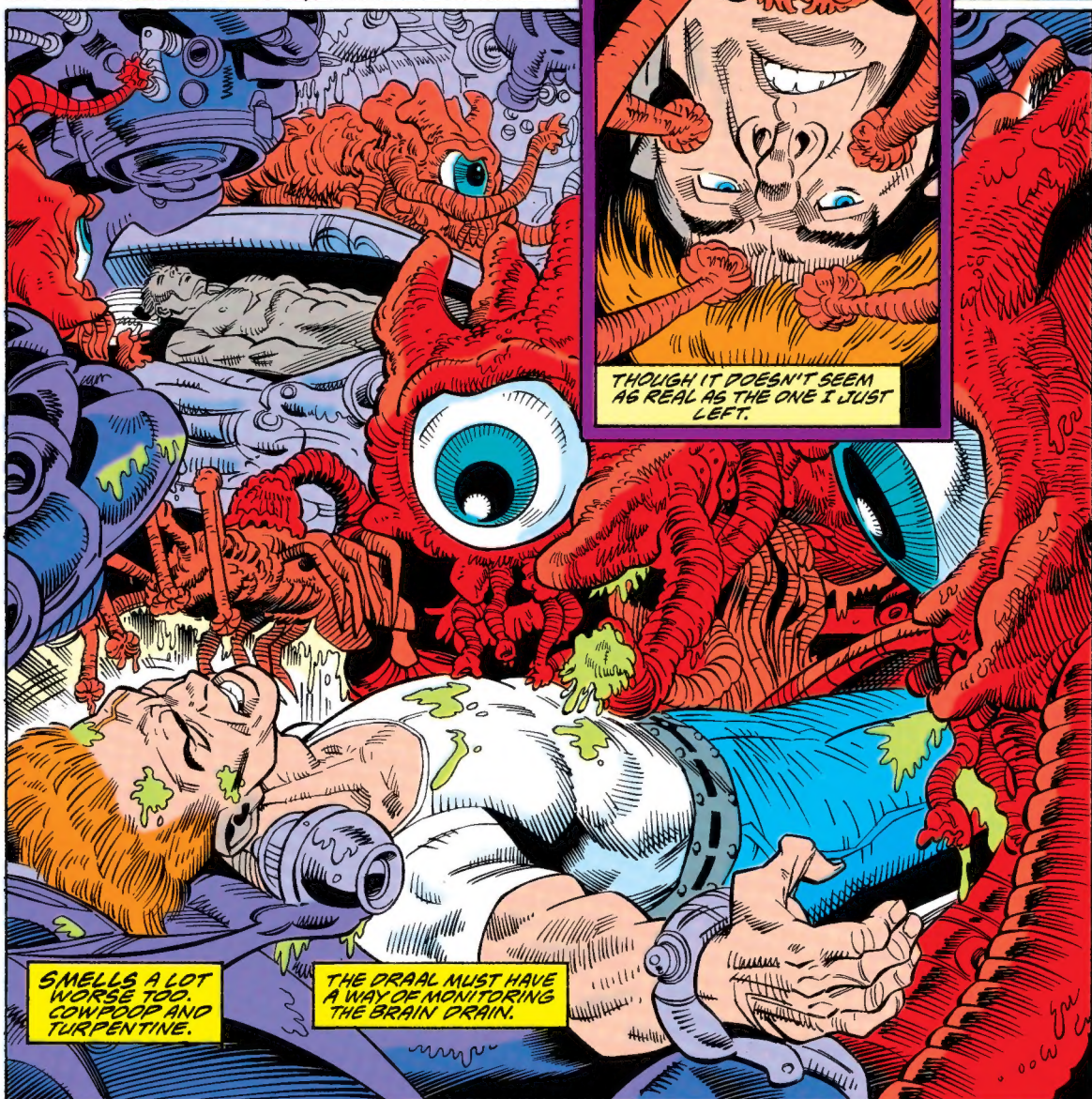
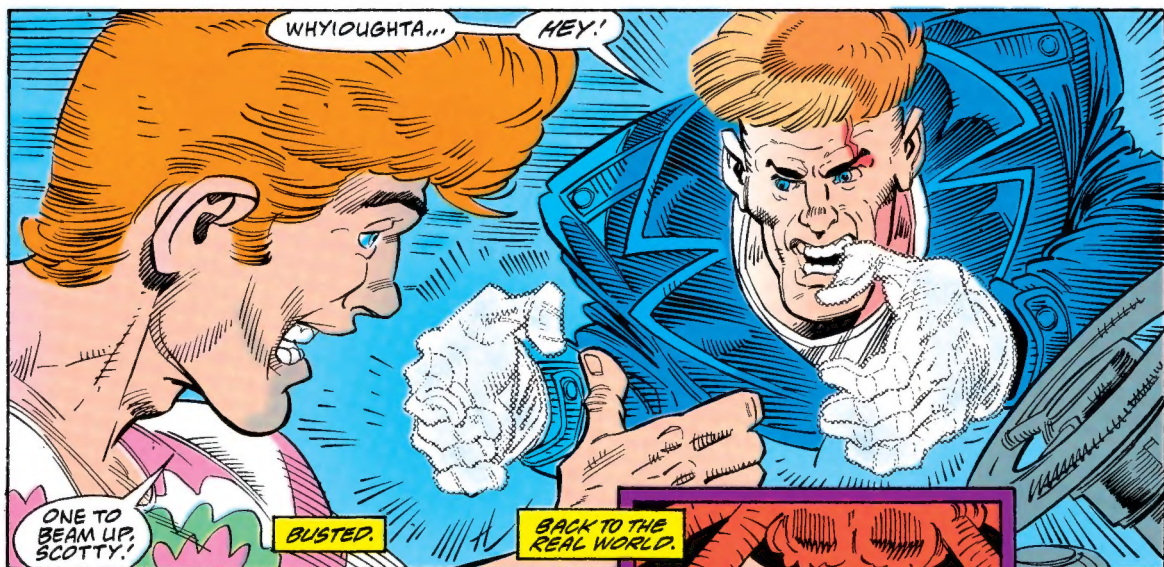
CHUCK DIXON-writer guy
JOE STATON-penciller guy
TERRY BEATTY-inker guy
ALBERT DE GUZMAN-letter guy
ANTHONY TOLLIN-color guy
EDDIE BERGANZA-daddy guy
KEVIN DOOLEY-whatta guy

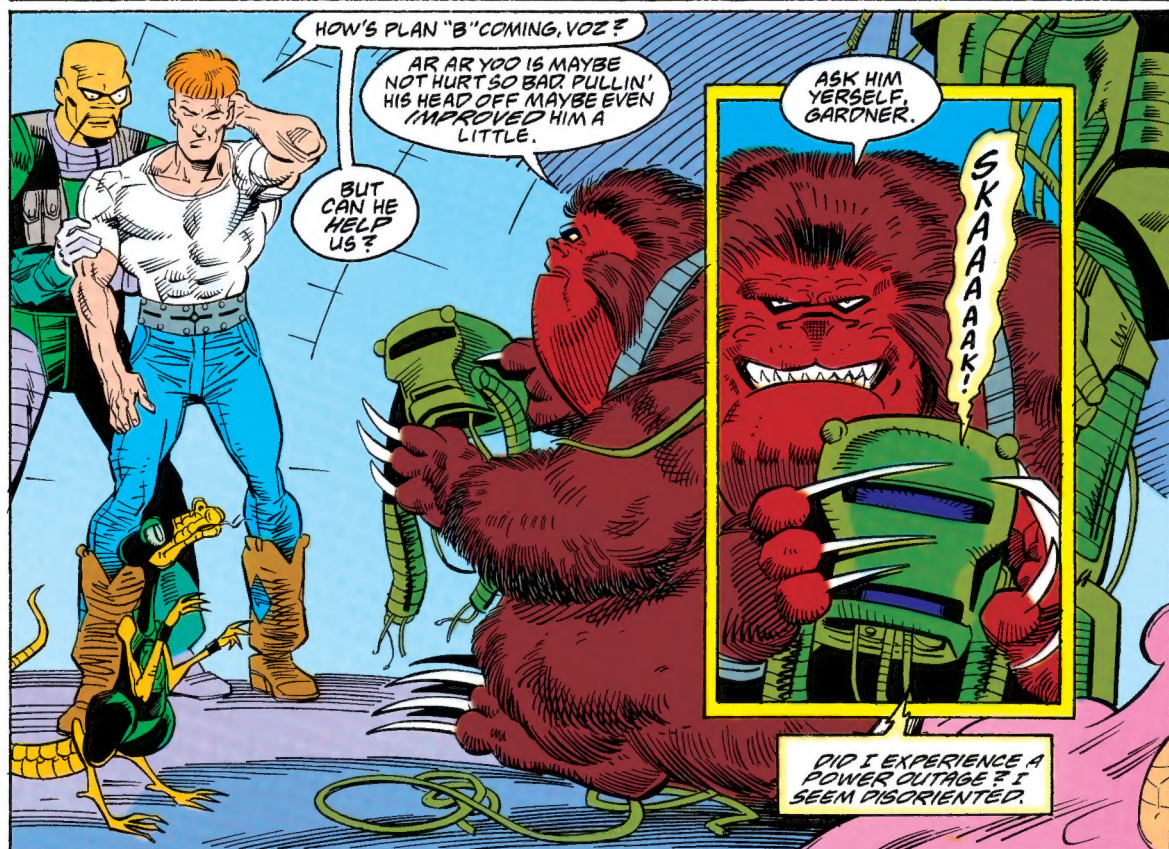
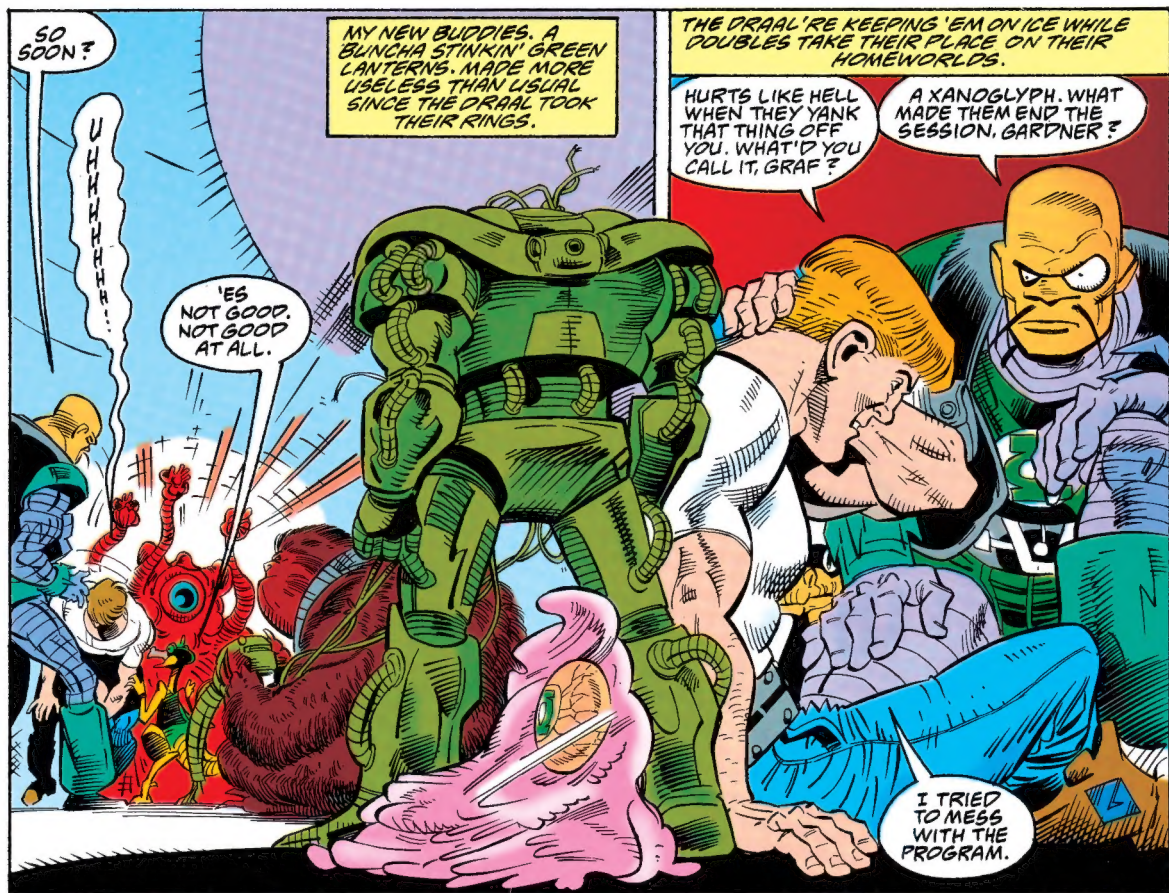
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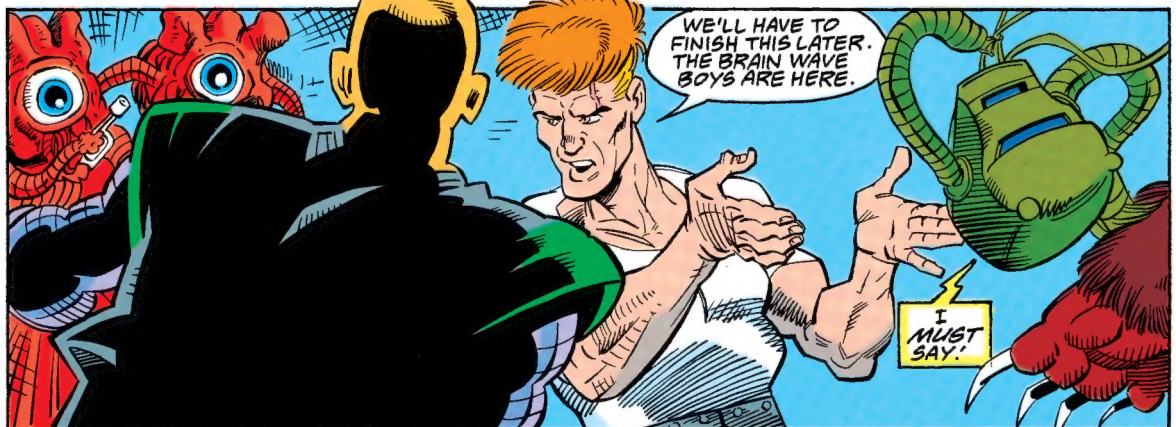
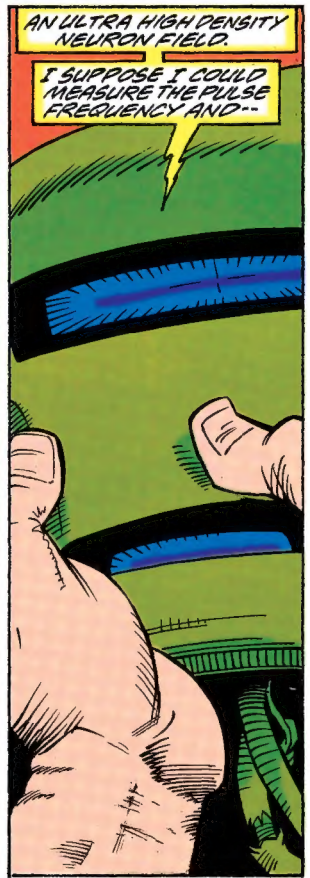
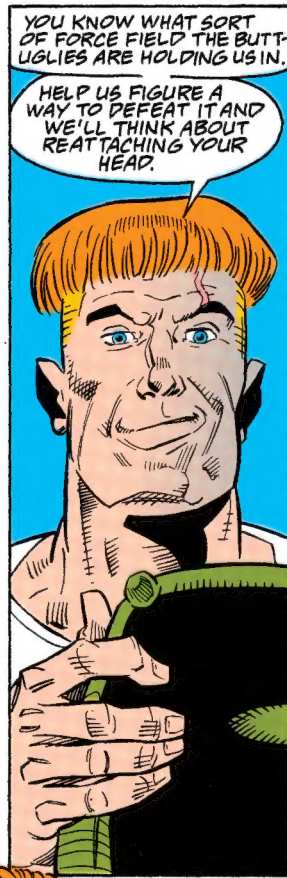
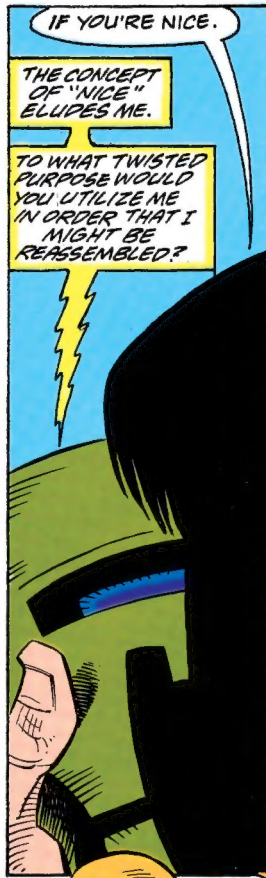
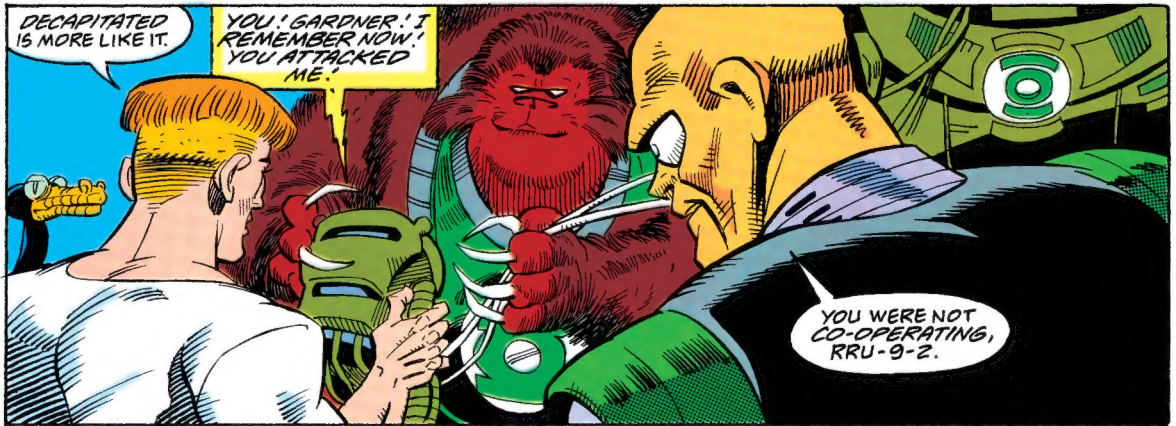
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KEVIN DOOLEY-whatta guy











BACK FOR ANOTHER
CHAPTER IN THE LIFE
OF GUY GARDNER.

MAYBE SOMETHING
GOOD THIS TIME. LIKE
MY DATE WITH CINDY
PULASKI.

NO
SUCH
LUCK.

THEY SNAP ON
THE BRAIN
WEASEL AND
I'M GONE.

I'M EIGHTEEN.

STILL THE CRIMINAL
GENIUS.

STEP
AWAY FROM
THE CAR.

HUH?

HEY, I
JUST LOCKED
MY KEYS
IN THE
IGNITION.

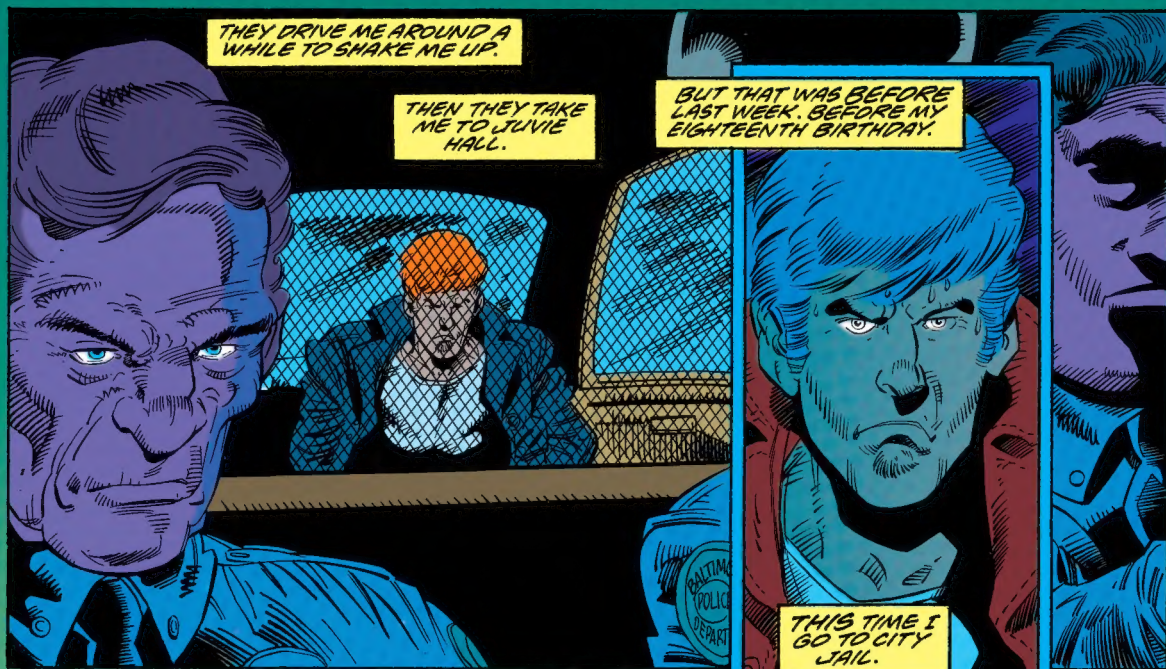
YAH YAH.
AND YER LATE
GETTIN' TO THE
HOSPITAL T'VISIT
YOUR SICK
AUNTIE.

HEY, I
KNOW THIS
PUNK.

MACE'S YOUNGER
BROTHER. Y'KNOW,
THE BIG RED HEADED COP
IN THE THREE-FOUR.

LEGGO.

I KNOW
THE DRILL.

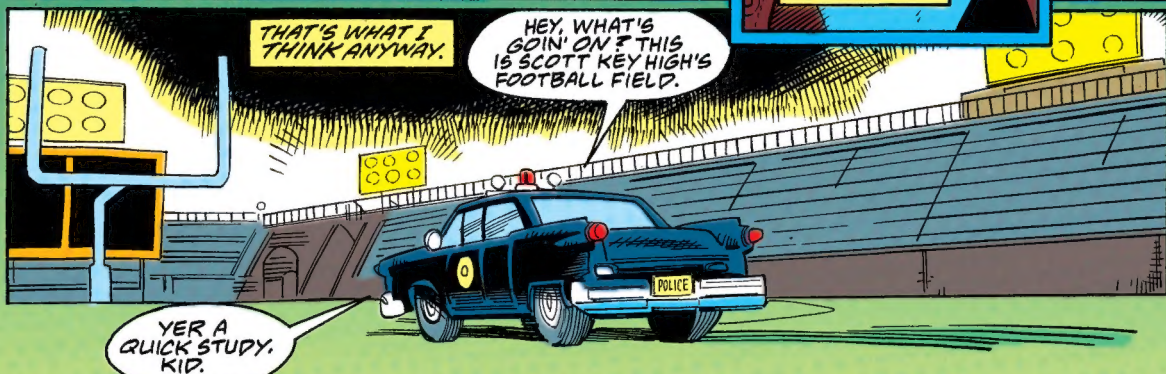


THEY DRIVE ME AROUND A WHILE TO SHAKE ME UP.

THEN THEY TAKE ME TO JUVIE HALL.

BUT THAT WAS BEFORE LAST WEEK. BEFORE MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

THIS TIME I GO TO CITY JAIL.



THAT'S WHAT I THINK ANYWAY.

HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON? THIS IS SCOTT KEY HIGH'S FOOTBALL FIELD.

YER A QUICK STUDY, KID.



WE'RE JUST HANDLING THIS OFF THE CLOCK.

NO DEALS, PUNK.

YOU'RE LETTIN' ME GO? WHAT'S THE DEAL?

YOU SCREWED UP ONE TOO MANY TIMES, GUY.

WHO...?

MACE?

YES, IT'S ME,
LITTLE BROTHER.
YOU'RE IN THE BIG
LEAGUES NOW. AN
ADULT.

YOU DO THE CRIME,
YOU PAY IN ADULT TIME
FROM NOW ON.

HE KNOWS HOW AND WHERE
TO HIT. HE WAS TWO YEARS
ALL CITY FOR THE SCOTT
KEY MARAUDERS.

SO WHAT
D'YOU CARE?

UFF!

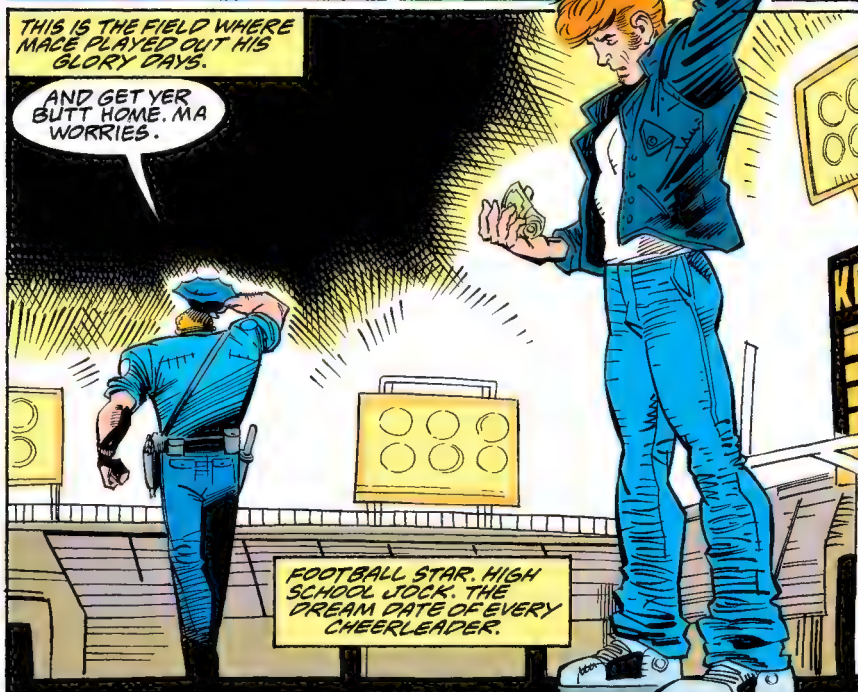
I FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA HEAVE
EVERYTHING BACK TO EASTER
SUPPER.

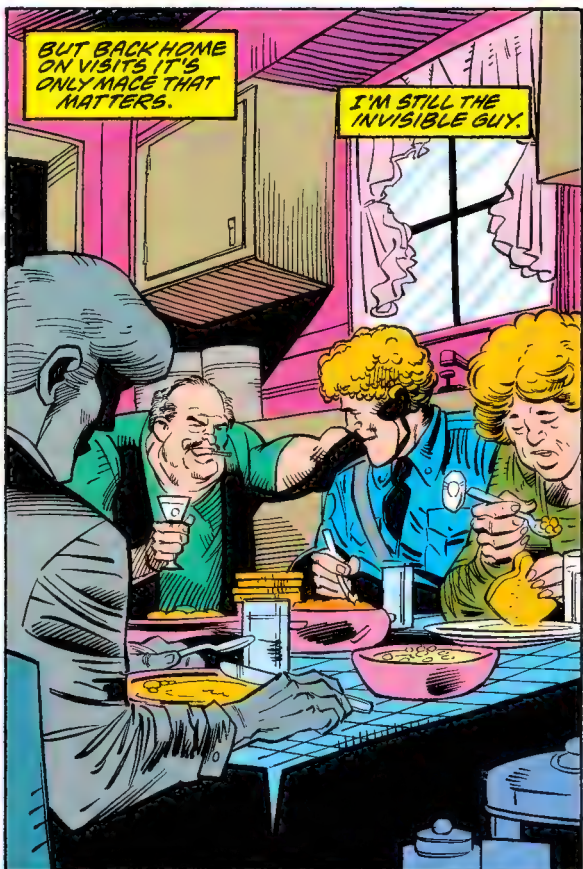
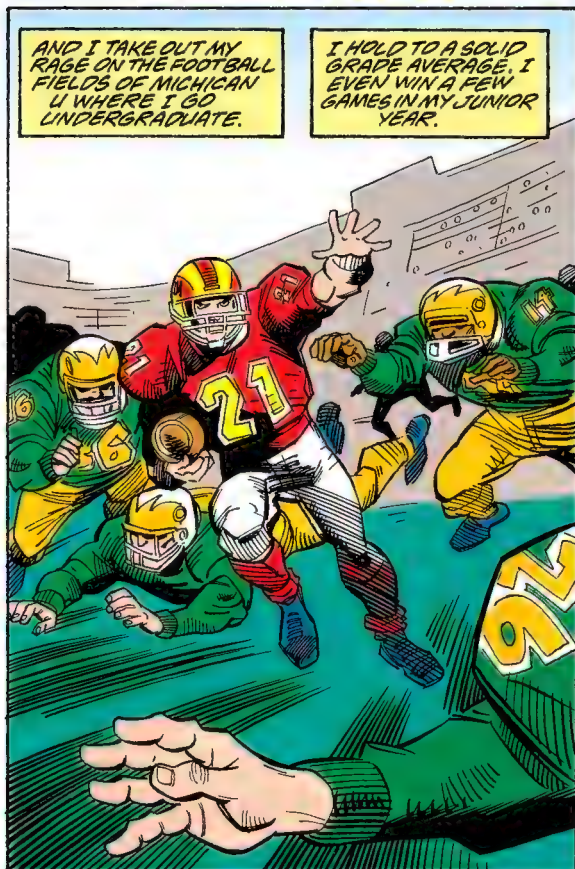
YOU'RE NOT GONNA MAKE
MOM AND DAD ASHAMED OF YOU. YOU'RE
GOING TO STRAIGHTEN OUT. GET A
JOB.

UH...
UH...

OR WHAT? YOU GONNA
TELL DAD? LET HIM
BEAT THE DAYLIGHTS
OUTTA ME?

OR MAYBE YOU
WANNA DO IT
YOURSELF.





SENIOR YEAR AND THE TEAM
MAKES IT TO A BOWL GAME.

ONE AFTERNOON IN JANUARY AND
THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S WATCHING.
ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS.

THE COACH PUTS
ME IN THE END OF
THE LAST QUARTER.

WE'RE BEHIND THREE
POINTS.

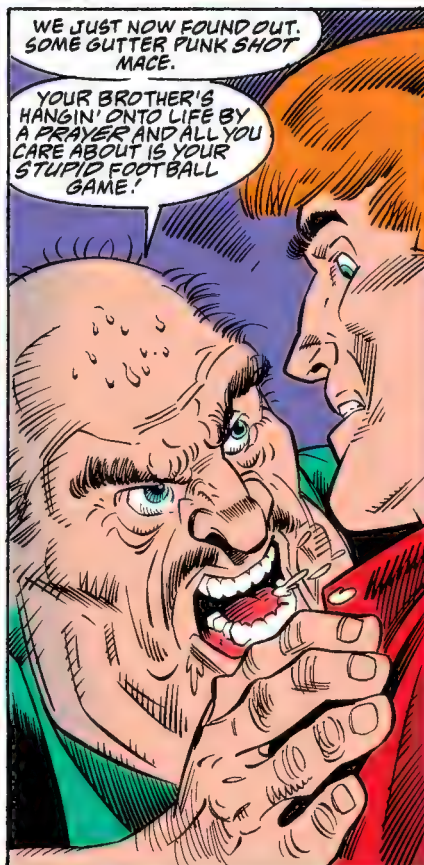
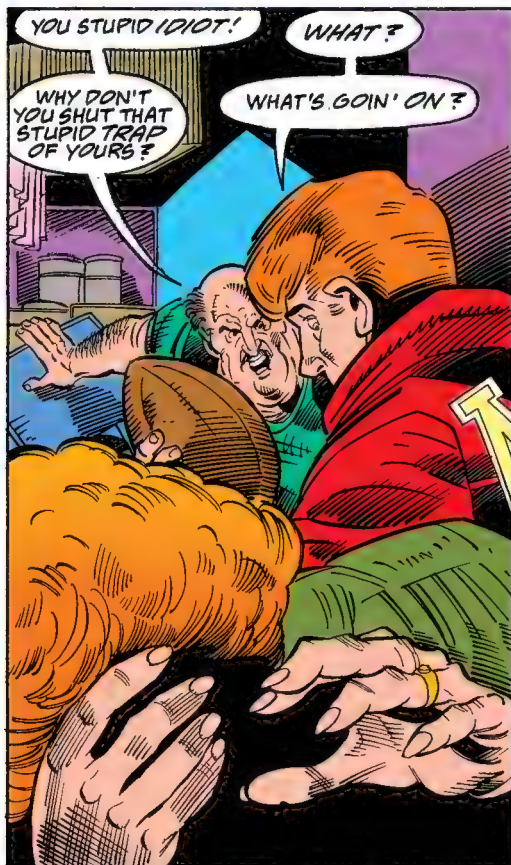
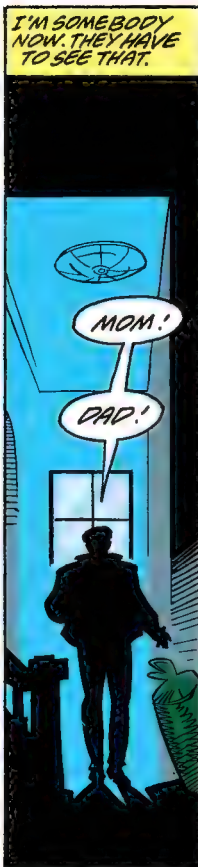
NO TIME ON THE
CLOCK. WE'RE ON
THEIR FORTY.

I'M ON THE TEN
AND WIDE OPEN.

THE CROWD
TAKES IN A
BREATH.

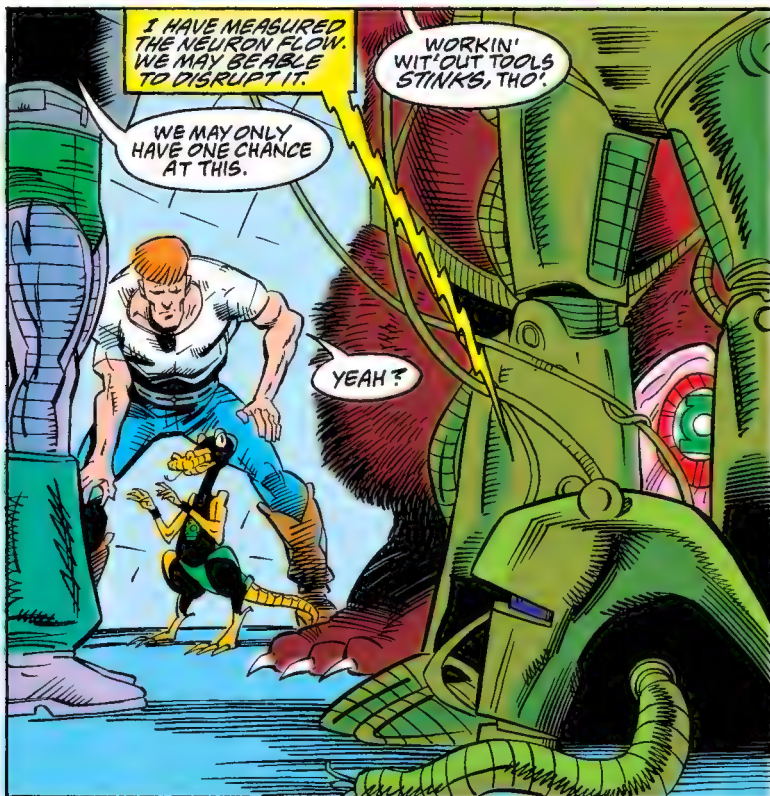
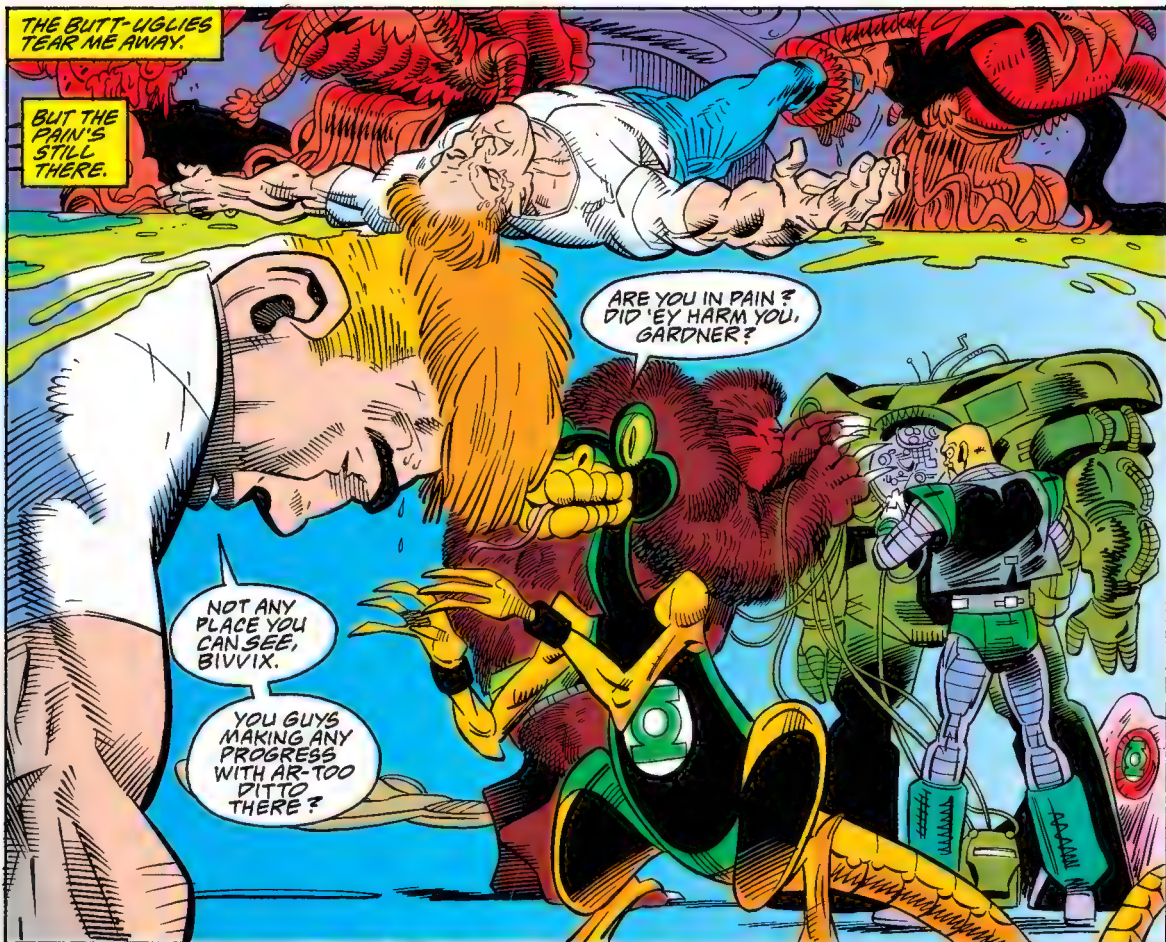
AND LETS IT OUT
IN A HOWL.

SIXTY MILLION
PEOPLE SEE THAT
BALL DROP INTO
MY HANDS.



THE ROAR OF THE CROWD FADES AWAY.







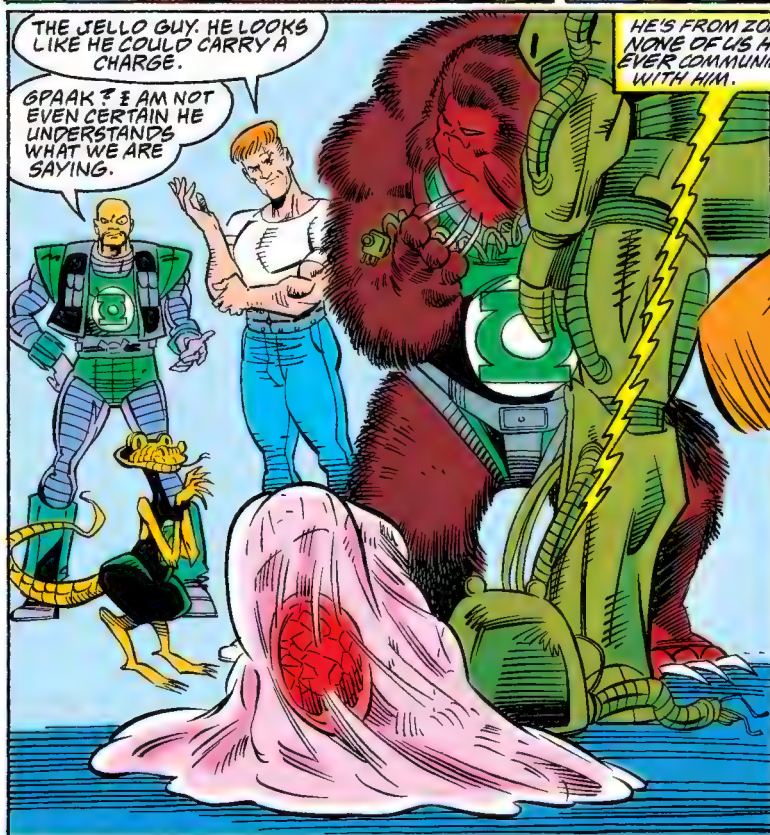
TRUBBLE IS WE NEEDS
SOMETHIN' T'USE AS A
CONDUCTOR.

SOMETHIN' TO CARRY
DA JOLT FROM AR-AR YOO'S
BATTERY CELL TO THE
FIELD.



FIELD GETS TOUCHED
WITH METAL AND DRAAL
WILL KNOW OF EET.

WHAT WE NEED IS
ANOTHER VOLUNTEER.
SOMEBODY TO CARRY
THE TERMINAL TO
THE NEURONS.



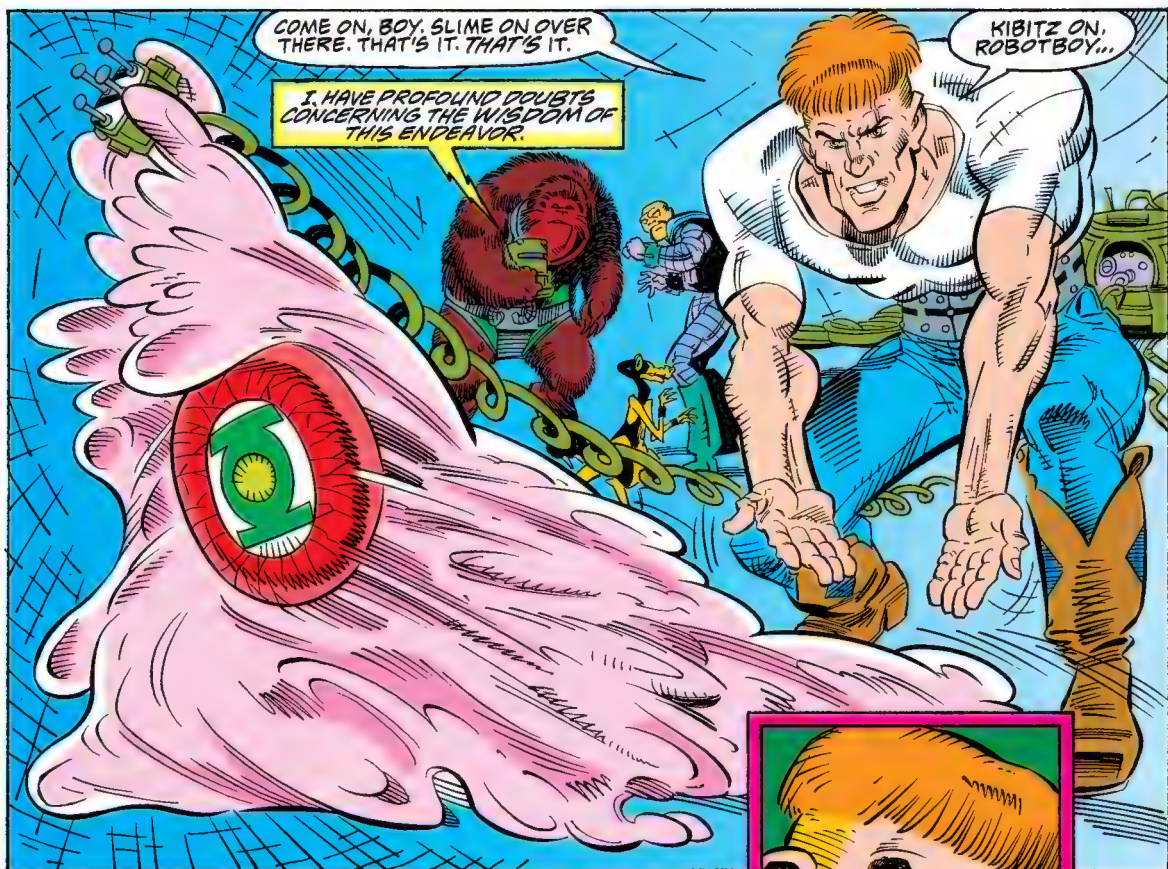
THE JELLO GUY. HE LOOKS
LIKE HE COULD CARRY A
CHARGE.

GPAAK I AM NOT
EVEN CERTAIN HE
UNDERSTANDS
WHAT WE ARE
SAYING.

HE'S FROM ZOA
NONE OF US HAVE
EVER COMMUNICATED
WITH HIM.

THEN HE'S
PERFECT.

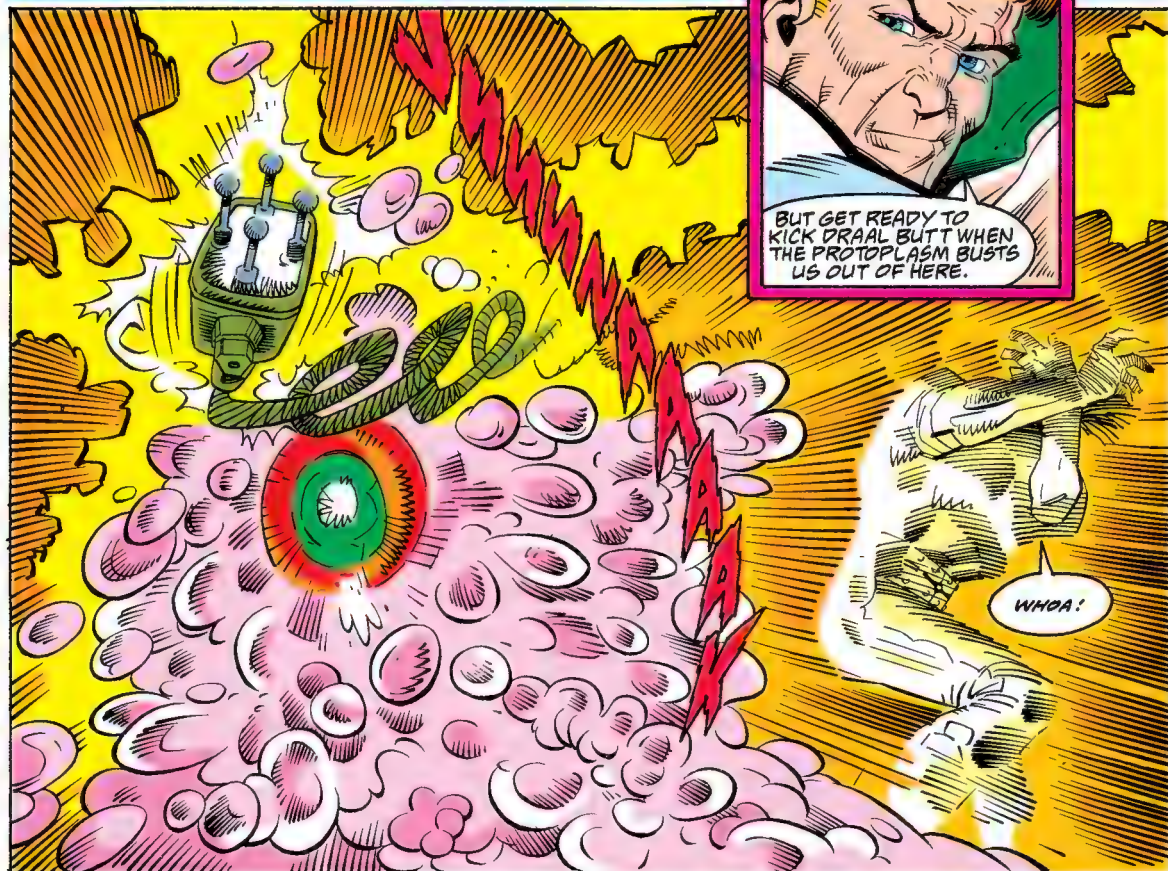




COME ON, BOY. SLIME ON OVER THERE. THAT'S IT. THAT'S IT.

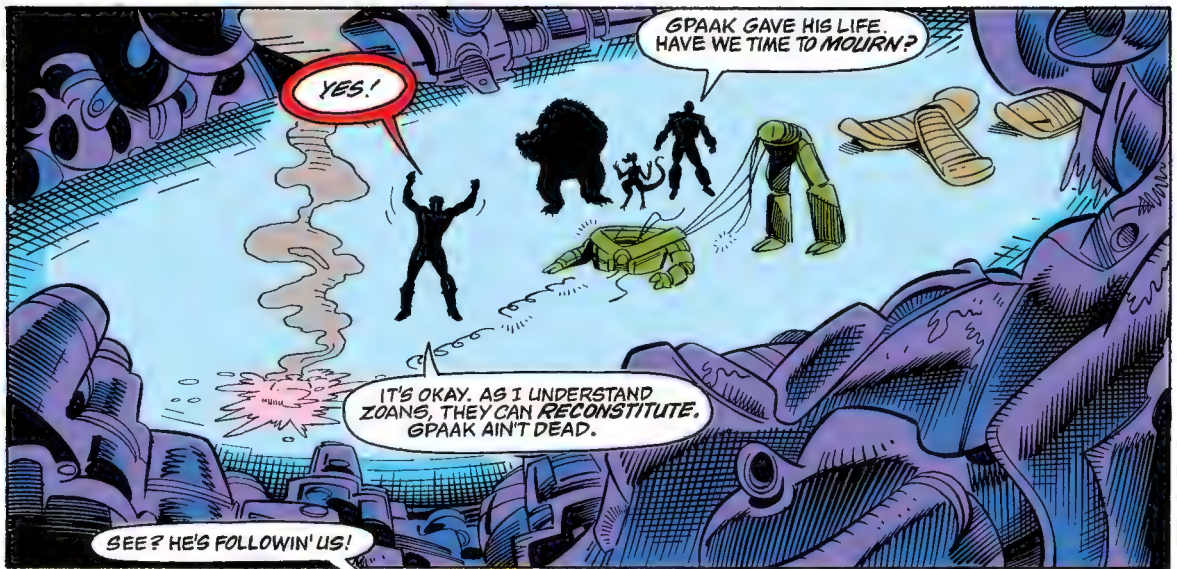
I HAVE PROFOUND DOUBTS CONCERNING THE WISDOM OF THIS ENDEAVOR.

KIBITZ ON, ROBOTBOY...



BUT GET READY TO KICK DRAAL BUTT WHEN THE PROTOPLASM BUSTS US OUT OF HERE.

WHOA!

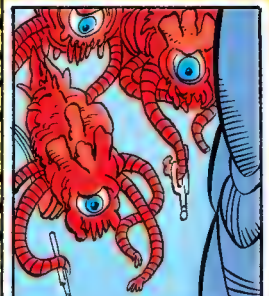


AND HAVE YOU DEVISED
A STRATAGEM FOR
OVERPOWERING OUR
CAPTORS AND ESCAPING?

SURE. WE GRAB
SOME WEAPONS. SHOOT
OUR WAY TO THAT LAB.
AND GET MY RING BACK.
IT'S GOT TO BE ABOARD
SOMEWHERE.

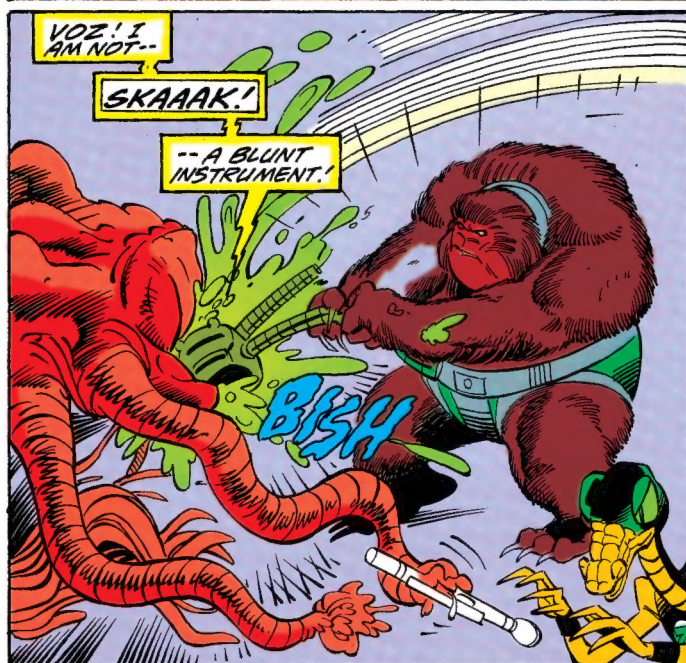
BUT HOW WILL
WE DO THAT,
GARDNER?

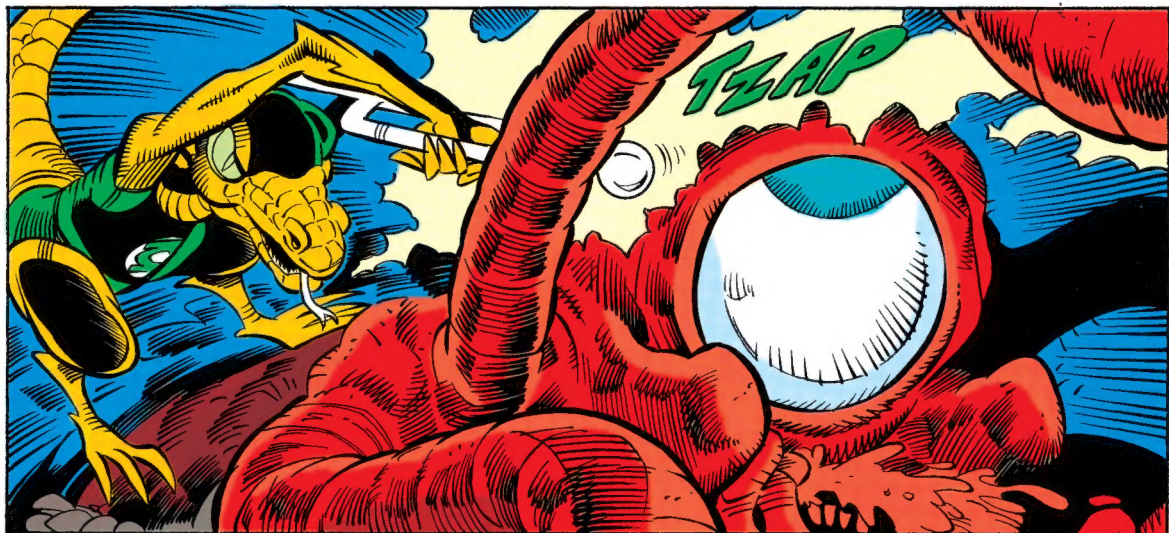
THE
ELEMENT OF
SURPRISE.



FEELS GOOD
TO BE FREE.

DON'T KNOW
HOW MANY
MORE TRIPS
DOWN
MEMORY
LANE I
COULD
STAND.

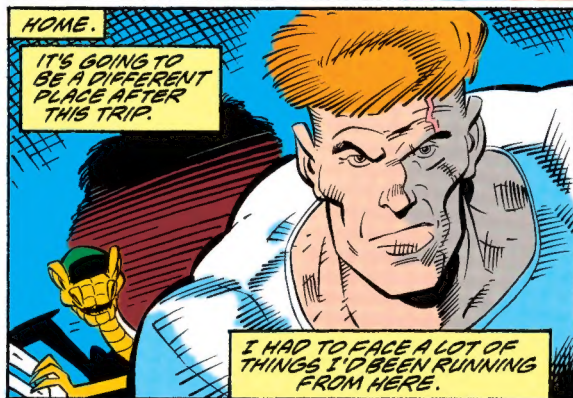




THIS WAY LOOKS FAMILIAR.
A TURN TO THE RIGHT AT THE
END OF THE CORRIDOR BRINGS
US TO THE LAB.

I GET MY RING AND
WE TEAR THESE LOSERS
A NEW ORIFICE.

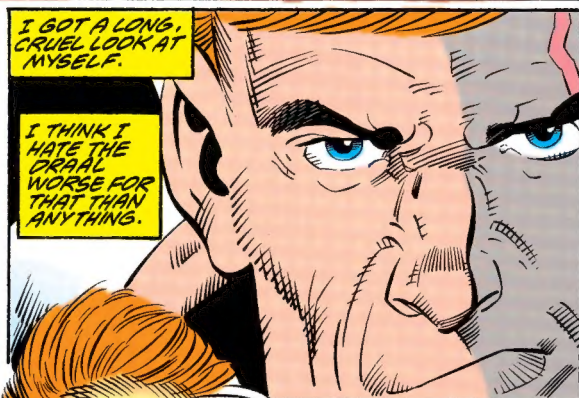
AND DEN WE
GO HOME.



HOME.

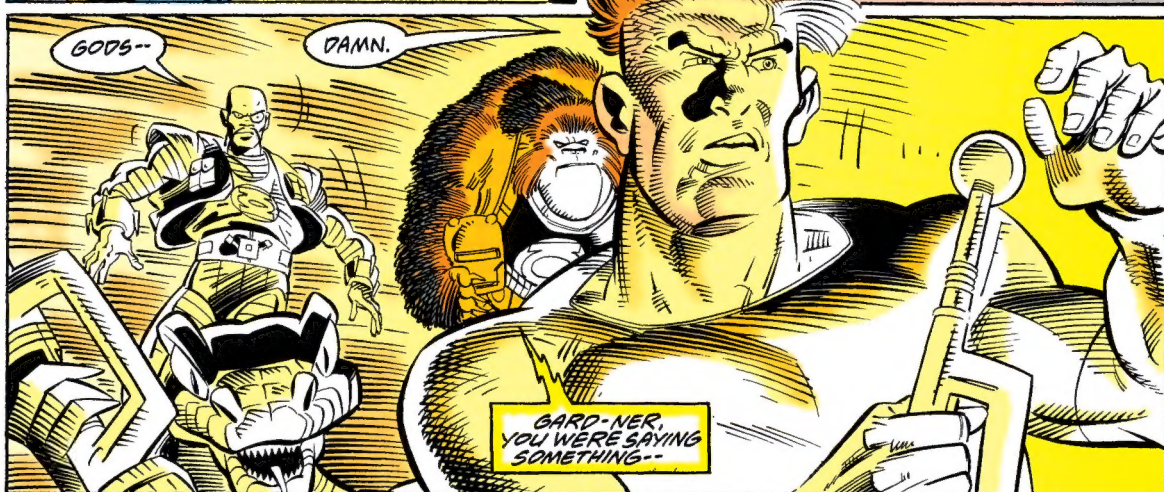
IT'S GOING TO
BE A DIFFERENT
PLACE AFTER
THIS TRIP.

I HAD TO FACE A LOT OF
THINGS I'D BEEN RUNNING
FROM HERE.



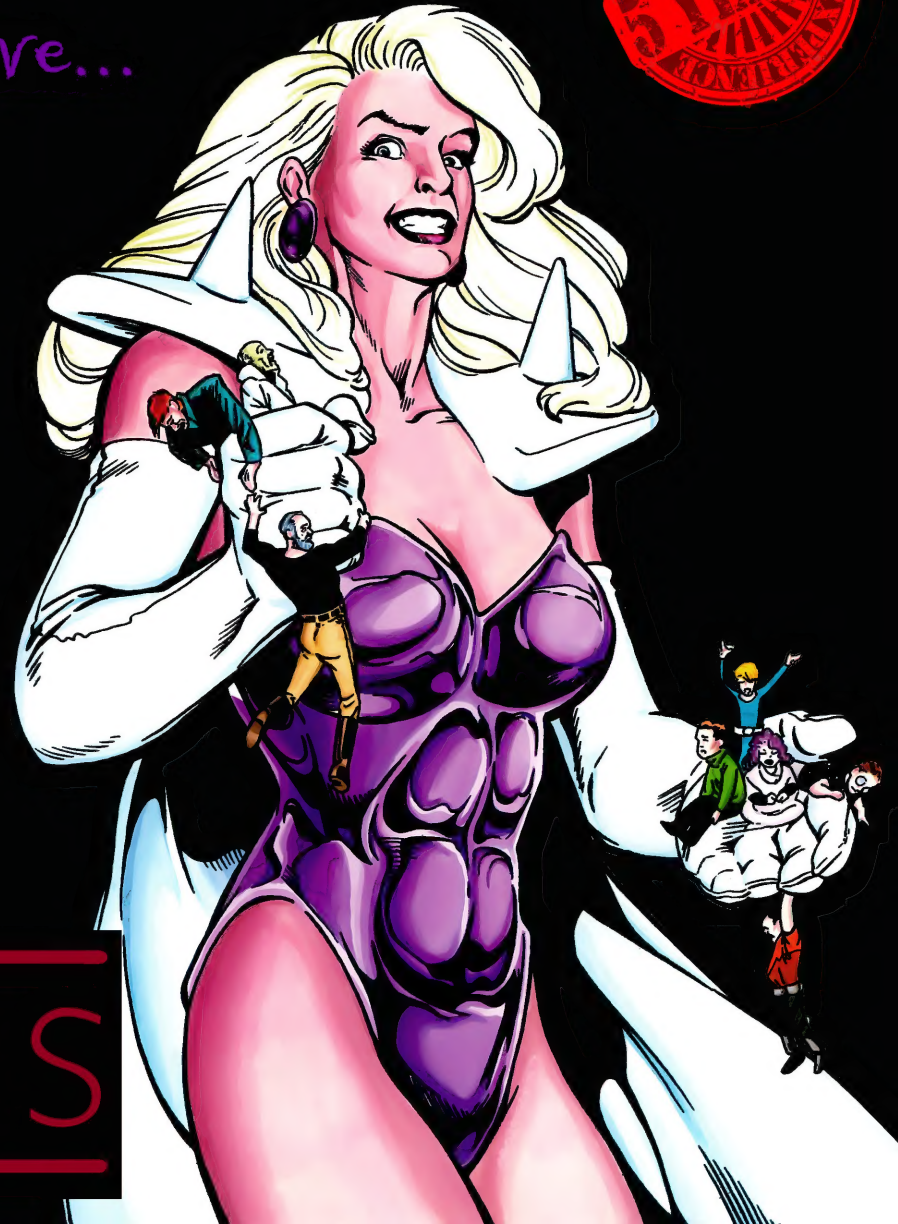
I GOT A LONG,
CRUEL LOOK AT
MYSELF.

I THINK I
HATE THE
DRAAL
WORSE FOR
THAT THAN
ANYTHING.





From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

NOVUS